The People's Advocate.

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The People's Advocate

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WELL, well! well!! Here's Wilson again at St. Louis with his *National Tribune*. If this is not an evidence of life after death we have no more to say.

THE *Wilson News*, a six column folio, is the latest advent in journalism. It hails from the state of pitch and turpentine. We trust it will "stick" without defiling. J. T. Freeman is business manager. Edw. Moore and Samuel N. Hill, editors.

F. L. BARNETT, of *The Conservator*, is a candidate for the South Town Clerk in Chicago. In our opinion a better selection could not be made and we would pull wires and roll logs for Ferdy "from morn to dewy eve" and then stay till the counting was done.

IT strikes us if what "Alert" asserts could be proven, Mr. Astwood would not have been even given the Consulship to San Domingo. The State Department, we do not believe, would knowingly send either a bigamist or a wife deserter to represent this country abroad.

INVESTIGATION in Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World reveals the fact that there is published at the city of Mexico a *daily* newspaper, entitled "*El Negro Hombre*." which, translated, means "*The Black Man.*" It has a circulation of two thousand copies.

SENATOR MAHONE'S letter to the Boston Committee shows that he fully accepts the situation, and by the acts of his party as shown by their legislation at Richmond his utterances, so far as a free ballot, a fair count, free schools and a fair chance are concerned, may be as unreservedly accepted as were they proclaimed by Hoar, Edmunds or Sherman.

WE do not agree with the politics of *The New Era*, published at Charleston, S. C., but we heartily indorse its criticism of the views of Hon. J. F. Miller on the Chinese question, which questioned the wisdom of Negro suffrage. However, we remind our contemporary that although Mr. Miller is a Republican and from the Pacific States, his sentiments must not be declared to be those of his party.

WE add with pleasure to our exchange list the Lynchburg (Va.) *Gazette*, L. D. Button, editor, because it gives evidence of being a live and progressive paper, independent in politics and devoted to the development of the material interests of the State. We are pleased because of another reason. Recognizing the fact, as it says, that "the colored people form no mean factor in the body politic" they have engaged the services of a colored gentleman to look after the interests of the Negro in connection with their paper.

MR. MITCHELL'S LETTER.

We give much space in the present issue to an article by Mr. Robert L. Mitchell on "The Colored Normal and Collegiate Institute. As will appear from the context the *Public Ledger*, G. W. Childs proprietor, is reported in the Richmond, Va., *State* as referring to the proposed institute as the "humbug Institution created by a humbug legislature." We doubt very much whether Mr. Childs ever conceived, much less ever gave utterance, to any such sentiment as that attributed to him by *The State*, but it is doubtless true that the idea obtains in some quarters that the scheme of a Normal and Collegiate Institute for the colored youth in Virginia is lacking in wisdom as to its propriety, or in the ability of those who have been invested with the responsibility of inaugurating and putting it in operation.

No friend of popular education who bears in mind that there are nearly two hundred thousand colored children in Virginia of school age, that less than seventy-five thousand regularly attend *any* school; that less than fifty thousand or one fourth of the whole number are in regular attendance, will deny that the work already done is ridiculously small in comparison with that yet to be done—either as to quantity or quality. Hampton Normal Institute, any candid man will admit, has certainly done a great work, in *hastily* preparing large numbers as teachers. Hurried as their instruction has been, thoroughness in the rudiments taught or in methods of instructions was out of the question. The course of study pursued at Hampton, inferior to many a well ordered Grammar School of the North and West, could not lay the foundation for that solid learning and liberal culture which the teacher should possess. In view of these facts we are astounded that any advocates of popular education, any avowed friend of Negro education, should question the wisdom of locating in the black belt of Virginia an institution with equal power as Hampton as to accommodating students and greater facilities as to providing the means for obtaining a liberal education.

The wisdom of the Institute being conceded, it will readily be admitted that its successful management under the direction of a Board of Colored Visitors and a colored faculty will do immensely more to prove the capacity of the Virginia Negro for self-government and higher education than if the control were in the hands of white men and the instructors were of the same color.

What the Negro needs, what he demands is "a fair field and no favor." This, the present opportunity gives, and as such let the colored board of visitors accept the trust imposed upon them, mindful of the higher interests of the race. On the other hand, let all croakers be silent and patient until a fair trial has been given the "Colored Normal and Agricultural Institute." All over the South educational Institutions for our higher education have been started and maintained by white men, and they have our heartfelt thanks. Let them not be grudge us *this* opportunity for showing what *we* can do.

In this connection let it not be forgotten that of the young colored men and ladies educated at the North—those trained at the Institute for Colored Youth at Philadelphia, under Hon. E. D. Bassett, and more lately by Mrs. Fannie Jackson-Coppin, and at the Gaines High School at Cincinnati, under the the principalship of Peter. H. Clark—institutions in which all the instructors were colored, compare favorably with the colored young men and ladies educated at other academical institutions of the same section. It is not unlikely that the mantles of Bassett or Clark, worthy disciples of Thomas Arnold, will have fallen on worthy successors at the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.

AN effort is to be made to have a colored man elected on the school board in Cincinnati this spring. Separate schools are still in existence in that city, much inferior in point of appointments to those for the whites, and as by a recent decision they are likely to remain yet a little longer, the only way to guarantee anything like fair play for the colored schools is the presence of a capable, courageous and diligent colored man on the school board. We trust the movement will succeed.

"Keep inching along, keep inching along."

Why Leave the Republican Party?

Editor ADVOC :

The *Sunday Item* desires to know "why should we adhere to the Republican party?" Can it be possible that the editor of *The Item* is unable to see that there is no other political organization in the land to which we can adhere? How can the Negro go to the shot gun Democratic party which now dominates four states by reason of its success in murder and kindred outrages upon our people? Four states that are Republican to-day, if the Negro vote could be fairly counted, are held by the Democratic party. The article to which I refer was published as a leading editorial in the last issue of *The Item*. It has been hailed by the Democratic *Post* as an expression of the sentiments of leading colored gentlemen of the country. I venture to say that no thoughtful colored man in the land is ready to abandon the Republican party. The article was simply written and published to suit the purposes of a half dozen or so men who imagine that they have been slighted by the Republican party. It is quite true that in the matter of political patronage the party is and has been, derelict towards its ever faithful allies. To correct this dereliction it is not sensible that we should fly to a party whose only object in obtaining our votes would be that in the end our ruin would be completely consummated. The article referred to contains the following bugaboo: "An action has been had which we do not at present intend to fully ventilate; it is of such a character that we deem it prudent to wait for a step further of development." Now this is all stuff. There has been no action had that is of a feather's weight of importance looking to the severance of the Negro vote from the Republican party.

The *National Republican* of Monday last is entirely correct in its published views on *The Item* editorial. I am satisfied that the gentlemen named in *The Post* as looking for political alliances outside of the Republican party are entirely misrepresented. I am also perfectly well satisfied that no overtures have been made to leading colored Republicans by the Democratic party or its strikers. Is it not about time that we had an end to child's play in political matters? Don't "vociferate until you are beyond the precincts of the forests," is good advice for us to follow. We are not out of the woods yet and we need the assistance of the Republican party in the path of progress to light. I need not occupy your space to say this, no one knows it better than the colored voters all over the land. And, Mr. Editor, you may rest assured that the "intelligent contraband" who knew enough to espouse the cause of the Union in the beginning of rebellion knows enough to "adhere" to the party that supported and upheld that cause.

LEWIS H. DOUGLASS.

—Low prices, good work and ten[der] cash is the motto of our JOB OFFICE.

THE COLORED NORMAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

George W. Childs Answered by a Colored Virginian.

In *The State* of the 6th inst. appears an article which is attributed to George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Childs characterizes the recent act of the Legislature appropriating one hundred thousand dollars for establishing a colored normal school "as a humbug passed by a humbugging legislature, and a sham recompense for the colored vote that put the Readjusters in power." He praises Hampton Institute and stigmatizes the contemplated normal school (although not yet established) "as a one-horse institute, controlled by politicians who will divide the appropriation with their white Readjusting bosses." He also makes an unjustifiable, untruthful and malignant attack upon the other colored colleges in the South, describing them "as ornamental fizzles."

The real cause of Mr. Child's opposition to this measure crops out when he objects to Negroes controlling the schools. The colored people have been enjoying the rights of citizenship in this country for many years, during which time they have demeaned themselves in such a manner as to challenge the sympathy and admiration of the civilized world. We have made unexampled progress in the acquisition of wealth and education, and in all that appertains to making us good and reliable citizens. Our tatus in this country has become fixed. In the early days of reconstruction we were told that "John Chinaman would take our places," but to-day the sentiment of the country brands "John" as a nuisance and the Negro as a blessing. Our most bitter enemies in the South realize that they cannot do without us, and become greatly alarmed when a few thousand of us emigrate to Kansas. We have young men who have graduated with distinction and honor from Yale, Harvard, and many of the leading institutions in the land, including Hampton, which Mr. Childs lauds to the skies. We have young men who have been and are professors in the various colleges. We have ministers and consuls abroad. We have a Register of the United States Treasury, and last but not least, we have the patron of the Normal School bill, Hon. A. W. Harris, who ably defended it in the Legislature from just such as Mr. Childs casts upon it. In view of these facts, we think there can be found talent enough in our race to run a "one-horse institute."

Mr. Childs sees fit in his praise of Hampton to disparage the merits of the other colored colleges. We shall not, like the gentleman, let our love and partiality for *any* institution blind us to the merit justly due to others. Howard, Berea, Fisk, Atlanta, and many others have done and are doing equally as much good as Hampton in educating the colored youth. You may surround an institution with as much pomp as you please. You may erect costly buildings. You may invite Senators, Governors and Presidents to your commencements, but if your graduates do not compare favorably with the graduates of other institutions, "your institution is a humbug and a fizzle." It is the alumni that make the *alma mater*. We had white men from the North to manage for us the Freedmen's Bureau, the Freedmen's Bank and our political affairs in the South These friends of ours, having made us bankrupt financially and politically, put out for parts unknown with well-filled carpet bags, while we for eight long years have toiled under the odium which they left us as a legacy.

Through the instrumentality of our much loved Senator, Gen. Wm. Mahone, and the noble Virginians who aided him, the Egyptian darkness which surrounded us in Virginia has given place to the glad sunshine of liberty. We propose to take no step backward, but to keep step to the music of the Union and aid with our votes in crushing out the last vestige of intolerance and Bourbonism, whether it comes from North or South, or from pretended friends within or without the State. The whites have the University of Virginia, the Military Institute, Emory and Henry, Blacksburg, Randolph-Macon, William and Mary, and other institutions, all of which receive annual appropriations from the State. The colored people number almost one-half of the population and pay no small proportion of the taxes of the State. Is it reasonable, then, to require us all to go to Hampton? Besides, Hampton could not accommodate us all, and gives to its students only normal training. We desire an institution that will give not *only* normal traing, but also a knowledge of the higher branches of learning, thoroughly equipping its students for all the walks of life. All of us do not expect to be teachers.

Yes, Mr. Childs; we will have colored professors, colored teachers, and a colored Board of Visitors for the State Normal and Collegiate Institute. The superior race have managed for us and have failed. We can at least do no worse than they. If we should fail the State will only lose a few thousand. Our pretended friends have appropriated to their own uses millions, not only of governmental funds, but the accumulations of our own hard-earned savings. We shall found this institution in the spirit of the great emancipator of our race—with charity toward all, malice toward none. There is room enough in Virginia for our institution, for Hampton, and for many others. The right to educate the youth of the State can no more be monopolized by a single institution than the great commercial and other interests of the State can be centered in one corporation to the exclusion of all others.

R. L. MITCHEL.

The Ugly Club in Philadelphia.

On Sunday, Feb. 19, a delegation of the New York and New Port Ugly Club made a flying visit to our city and were met by the Annex, of Philadelphia, John W. Page, A. F. Stevens, C. H. Edwards, Wm. Warrick, Sylvester Coleman and Levi Cromwell. Of course they were feasted by each member at their several residences, and at six sat down to a swell dinner in the parlors of the restaurant of C. H. Edwards South 12th street, which, I have been creditably informed, was of superior quality and was served in best style, with wines in abundance.

Owing to the tardiness of some of the some of the New York Uglies, who were not in time for the train, the ladies of the members of the Annex were accorded chairs at the table, which, I am of the opinion, made it more liberal and enjoyable, as well.

The *menu* was as follows: Raw oysters, calf's head soup, lobster chops, pate imperial, saddle of mutton, peas and potato croquettes, roast swan, sorbet, chicken croquettes, chops pappelots, terrapin, fried oysters and lettuce, ice cream, fruit, coffee. Toasts were proposed and responded to by S. Coleman, Tony James and G. E. Green, who, by the way, was born on the first of April.

"The Domestic Tyrant."

"The average man," quoth Mrs. Partington, "is a weak and irritable domestic tyrant," and Mrs. P. is correct. Tyrannical to a fault the average man will enter the blissful Paradise of a happy home, scratch himself in fiendish glee, send the baby into convulsions, and for what? Why, because he has the Itching Piles, and is too mean to buy Swayne's Ointment, which is an infallible cure for the worst cases of that annoying complaint.

A CLEVER DODGE.

Editor ADVOCATE:

H. C. C. Astwood, of Santo Domingo and Turks Island, W. I., but more recently from New Orleans, La., and who a few weeks ago was creating such a flutter among our society belles, so called on account of his having been made Consul to Trinidad, and exulted over on account, as he put it, of its being the first time in the history of this government that such a position had been given to a colored man, comes out in *The Louisianian* of the 11th inst. to explain why the Government let him drop from Trinidad at a salary of $2.500, to San Domingo at a salary of $1,500. His entire explanation is a sham and a deception, like the man, and as Washingtonians have been made but recently to feel, like those from his section.

When Astwood appeared here for position, having the prestige of an ex-Governor's, a Senator's and a make-believe editorial chair behind him, and being personally unknown to the powers that be, he was given a good place; but when his true character was shown up it was at once decided that he could not go to a white government on account of his infamous record of being a deserter from his lawful wife and four interesting innocent little children. Not to please Astwood, was he given the place at all, but to please those behind him, who, as they openly stated, were desirous of ridding the State of his presence, so "they blew him up with an office." One sentence in his article, though true, literally, was not so intended. He says as one of the reasons he preferred Santo Domingo to Trinidad, was on account of its being nearer home. That is true; for if he has a home it is with wife No. 1 and the four [illegible] are, near Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo. His statement that he originally applied for the position he now has is untrue. He applied for the Consulship at Santiago de Cuba. The above facts have been obtained by the writer at the Department of State, and if there is a doubt in the minds of anyone as to their accuracy, an inquiry to the Chief of the Consular Service, will set their doubts at rest.

Now to those ladies who are as loud as any of us in denouncing Hawkesworth, you had in Astwood a twin brother, with the single exception of Astwood, having added bigamy to his crime of desertion. He was promptly exposed by those who knew him, but little or no heed was taken to the caution by the ladies above referred to.

It is doubtful whether the government will grant an Exequatur to this man when they come in possession of the facts concerning the manner of his appointment, why he was thought not fit for Trinidad but good enough for Domingo.

Things in Ph[illegible]

The new choir of [illegible] Church delighted the hearts of the [illegible] Sabbath morning. The old choir re[illegible] part of it. [illegible] their [illegible] on Quint[illegible] is true the [illegible] will." A re[illegible] seemed to [illegible] most excellent [illegible] tor, Rev. J. [illegible] for his text [illegible] are they who [illegible] after righteousness [illegible] Rev. [illegible] be filled." [illegible] must ex[illegible] away dissatisfied [illegible] in the [illegible] lor preached [illegible] mon at night [illegible] ren. At the c[illegible] several came [illegible] the church, ma[illegible] hundred and sixt[illegible] ence year.

Rev. C. T. Shaffer [illegible] Chapel A. M. E. Ch[illegible] grand work. He h[illegible] thousand dollars on [illegible] ness of his church [illegible] his current expenses.

Rev. J. W. Bee[illegible] things in the north[illegible] city.

Easter enter[illegible] gaging the at[illegible]

Rev. L. J. C[illegible] pulpit last [illegible]

Wedding Gifts.

Almost every thing is in order for wedding present; clocks, fans, lamps, table ware, ornaments, shawls, jewelry, furniture, rare specimens of china, little paintings, ornaments for the person—all, all are in order. A present is generally packed where it is bought, and sent with the giver's card from the shop to the bride directly. She should alway acknowledge its arrival by a note written by herself. A young bride once gave mortal offence by not thus acknowledging her gifts. She said that she had so many that she could not find time to write the notes, which was naturally considered boastful and most ungracious. Gifts which display the personal taste or industry of the friend who sends are particularly complimentary. A piece of embroidery, a painting, a water-color, are most flattering gifts, as they betoken long and predetermined interest. No friend should be deterred from sending a small present, one not representing a money value, because other and richer people can send a more expensive one. Often the little gift remains as a most endearing and useful souvenir. As for the propriety of displaying the presents, that is a matter decided by individual taste.

A Rich Girl's Bridal Chamber.

A gorgeous bridal chamber has just been completed for the reception of a bride who has never known the want of money and by whom one hundred dollars is spent with as little thought as many people would tender a ten cent piece. The walls are covered with heavy white satin, tufted with gold buttons, and mirrors are interjected here and there. The ceiling is painted in the most artistic manner, and the curtains are of white silk emboidered in gold and rich colorings in floral designs, The curtains are mounted on gilt poles, and when drawn back, discloee lace drop curtains that cost six hundred dollars a window. The portieres are of white silk plush, with dado embroidery matching the curtains. The furniture is treated with the same material as the curtains, and what framework is seen is found to be heavily gilded.

Selling a Wife in England.

At the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday a charwoman named Matthews was charged with assaulting and beating Edward Stacey, a chairmaker, of Stibbington street, Clarendon Square. Stacey said that he formerly lodged with the defendant, and since he had left her house she had repeatedly annoyed and insulted him. On Sunday night the defendant and her son and his wife came to his room and assaulted him. The defendant called as a witness her son's wife, who swore that her father had sold her mother, Mrs. Pearce, to Stacey for ten shillings, and that they had since been living together as man and wife. Mr. Hosack bound over the defendant in her own recognizance to keep the peace for three months.—*London Telegraph.*

Items of Interest.

The habit of carrying their dead away from the nests is universal among all species of ants.

The ivory of the walrus is covered with enamel so hard as to strike fire with flint or steel.

D'Arnay says table linen was very rare in England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

It is recorded of Goethe that he could write German, French, Italian and Latin before he was eight years old.

Draco inflicted capital punishment [illegible] murgus destroyed [illegible] rendered [illegible] Nightmare derives its [illegible] an evil spirit of the [illegible] one ark is the [illegible] pockets "crib" with connec[illegible] Only periodically they stand with folded salt with the int[illegible] value. P. E. Church that the English color possible that the [illegible] the tobacco with this contemptible fly, and that [illegible] dirty linen. In t[illegible] ceeding. Montgomery Blair, a Bourb[illegible] nished with a negro waiter, is "takin[illegible] burning sand of [illegible] plans, [illegible] which would [illegible] may "gang [illegible] ook in a few [illegible] The Colonial Office [illegible] extensively made [illegible] in a steam heat of [illegible] month, [illegible] he continuance. [illegible] for the trip [illegible] the Colorado beetle. You [illegible] day, [illegible] toothold in Belgium, [illegible] will be [illegible] frontier. [illegible] predicted [illegible] Jericho, which frequents [illegible] themselves [illegible] Egypt, Syria and Arabia they are a [illegible] company of [illegible] curls itself up into a [illegible] thus blown about till it [illegible] Miss [illegible] up places, where it uncurls, [illegible] and the seed is sown.

[illegible] largest room in the world, [illegible] roof and unbroken by pil[illegible] Petersburg. By day it is [illegible] displays; by night [illegible] Twenty thou[illegible] equired to light [illegible] with the [illegible] exercises [illegible] playing a ver[illegible] by Dr. Reyburn, [illegible] com[illegible] able [illegible] saloon [illegible] proud [illegible] that [illegible]

Religious Sentiment.

Three Gems.

"Come let us move
Our journey pursue—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

"His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

"The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

"Needs there the praise of the love written record,
The name and the epitaph, graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

The Pool of Bethesda.

We visit the pool of Bethesda. It is full of benevolent, nay, angelic memories, for did not the angel here go down at a certain season and trouble the water, so that those who were diseased and waited along its five porches for the moving of the water should be made whole? Did not the sick man here receive from the Saviour his cure, for which he was reproached, it being the Sabbath day? Now, how changed! There is no water in the pool, save a little green pond in the corner. As we enter it the air is dusty and full of the cries of boys and men driving donkeys within, loaded with the refuse of the city, and whose basket panniers are full of dirt, to be emptied here, to make room elsewhere for buildings. But to our mind it is now, as ever, blessed with the sweet waters of healing. An English engineer offered to the government to clean it out, connect it with its olden sluices and fill it with pure water. The proposal was rejected. The tender shows that the sacred memories are not all dead, nor is the land altogether left desolate. It is said that one of the chief agonies of the Saviour was that "all forsook Him and fled." So they did, and it was the bitterest drop in His cup of misery; but now, after two thousand years, His name is in the household of hundreds of millions of therace! Out of this desolation, sacrifice, and crucifixion, there is ascension for these millions, as there was for Him! Who can describe the healing and consolation which have emanated from these scenes of suffering and salvation? Now, as then, there is the same deep meaning in the beautiful verse:

"Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know.
Wrestling, the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin,
Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'"

If the streams, woods, grottoes, hills and mountains of Greece were peopled by imagination, with naiad and nymph; dryad and God, illustrating the aspiration of our nature after the spiritual beauty with which we are surrounded, and if these mythic haunts, still allure us to arid, dead Greece by the fascinations of fancy, how much more entrancing the caves pools, groves, mountains and rocks about Jerusalem, which are instinct with that wondrous benevolence which lived to bless and died to save. There may be no romance in the dry and dead scenery here; Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem may not be cities of palaces like Vienna or Paris; they may have no flowing Propontis or Neva, like Constantinople or St. Petersburg; but here there is a history illumined like a sacred missal, and clasped in the everlasting rocks, for the vindication of which kings and crusaders have fought, and good men like James, Peter and Paul have died, and Chrysostom and Jerome have fasted, studied and prayed. There is yet to be a better epic of "Jerusalem Delivered"—delivered not from Saracen or Turk, but deliveried from the grossness which envelopes it, so that its high estate on earth may correspond with the glory of its spiritual influences.

A Boston woman went into Delmonico's recently and sat down at one of the tables. A polite waiter handed her the bill of fare. She glanced at it a few seconds, and then opened a terrific fusillade of criticisms on its French. After listening to her about five minutes the waiter humbly interposed the request: "Will you please give your order, madame?" "I'm so faint," she said, languidly leaning back in her chair, "that I don't believe I can eat anything; but, if you'll fetch me a pot of Boston beans, a plate of hash, some pickled cucumbers, and brown bread, I'll try." The foundations of the highest culture and purest estheticism are laid in good digestion.

Humorous Gleanings.

A species of so-list-try—Pugilism.

The first revolver—The earth.

The country boy yearns for town life. At home he can't get any rancid butter, swill milk, decayed eggs or leathery beef.

There are no pumps where the cocoanut grows, which, perhaps, accounts for the milk in it.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The reason that a baggage man recently hurled himself from a four history window was that he was insane, and thought he was a trunk.

A youthful Pennsylvania granger, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the middleman.

An exchange says the difference between a hungry man and a glutton is, "One longs to eat and the other eats too long."

A telegraph man went to a concert. The violinist played very nicely, holding the audience spellbound, until suddenly a string snapped. The telegraph man shouted: "Wires down, by George!"

INFERENTIAL.—Said Brown to Fogg who had been indulging in some of his vagaries: "Excuse my mentioning it, but now that we are alone, let me remind you that there is always a fool and a critic in every company." "Two is a small company," replied Fogg, "but why do you call me a critic?"

Things one would rather have left unsaid—Nervous Person (speaking at last to his neighbor): "Do you know who that remarkably ugly person is just opposite—talking to the black hatted lady, you know—um—eh?" Neighbor—"That, sir, is my brother!" Nervous Person—"Yes? I—I—I beg your pardon—I—I—stupid of me not to have seen the family likeness—a—a—a—"[Collapse and disappears.]—[*Punch.*

Two countrymen pause at the serpent house in the Jardin des Plants and contemplate the goodness and wisdom of Heaven as revealed in the boa constrictor.

"Say," says the first countryman, "what's that insect tied himself up in a knot for like that?"

"Oh," replied his fellow in a superior manner, "I suppose he wanted to remind himself of something when he wakened up—that's why."

He—"May I call you Revenge?" She—"Why?" He—"Because, Revenge is sweet." She—"Certainly you may; provided, though, you will let me call you vengeance." He—"And why would you call me vengeance?" She—"Because 'Vengeance is mine.'"

Unnecessary explanation: "Conductor," said a lady passenger on the train, pointing over her shoulder to a man who was resting his feet on the windowsill behind her, "I wish you would request that brute to take his feet down" "I daren't ma'am," replied the polite but cautious ticket fiend, 'he's a member of the legislature."

A Connecticut man invented a machine to measure the power of a mule's kick. The mule was to kick a disc fixed against a spring, and it took so many bounds pressure to drive in the disc a certain distance. And they tested the thing on an old army mule, and the first kick knocked the whole machine into smithereens and landed the most of it in the next field. Genius has its trials!

Long—"Bother the boy! My boots ain't dirty. I wonder why he's always so precious anxious to clean them?' Short—"Well, he thinks yours is just the sort of a foot to be a good advertisement to him."

"How is your establishment run?" asked a western editor of an eastern brother, at whose presses he was looking. "By water power. How is yours run?" "By the same power," replied the man from the setting sun, "but we take it pretty much in our whisky."

A jolly looking beggar woman recently entered a shop in Dublin, and asked the owner for charity. He shook his head and said: "I am not able to give you anything." The woman, in a cheerful tone, promptly replied: "Thank you, sir, and may you long be in the same position."

Some Ohio man, fearing another deluge, has built an ark, and offers free passage to the brethren of his state. If the Lord ever finds occasion to go back on his promise and flood the country again, it will be to get rid of the Ohio man, and all the arks in creation won't save him.

It was evening, and three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat and a third jammed a pistol into the cat's ear and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood and that ill feeling was being engendered.

In a trial before a Justice at Dodge City, Kan., a witness who was being bullyragged by a cross-examining lawyer called on the Court for protection. The Justice handed him a pistol. "I have no further questions," said the lawyer.

The Largest Clock in the World.

The great Parliament House clock in London, England, usually called the Westminster clock, the largest clock in the world, says Mr. W. A. Hendrie, in the *Watchmaker and Metalworker*, was contracted for in the year of our Lord 1847, and started running in 1859, and started striking in July of the same year, although the construction was nearly completed in 1854 by the first Mr. Dent, a big name among watch and clock makers at the present day. The architect was Sir Edmund Becket Denuison, who, as a designer in horylogy, has ably proved himself on the top perch.

The clock in its general design is of that kind known as the platform kind, and its plates measure 16 feet over all; the ends are built into the wall, while the bracing resembles the trussing of our bridges. There are three trains of wheels: the time train in center; hour strike train on the left; quarter train the right. The main wheels are 40 inches in diameter, while the cam lifters for hammer tails are 38 inches diameter. There is only one cam lifter on main hour wheel, with 10 cams and 3½ inches faces of steel. In this connection the above strength is necessary on account of the weight of the hammer to be raised, 420 lbs., to strike the great 15 ton bell. The quarter chime hammers are much lighter, being in proportion to the bells to be struck by them. There are four, and they weigh from 3 tons 18 cwt. down to 1 ton 1 cwt. The diameter of hoop wheel is 30 inches, and the flies are in the usual proportion, but as the flies are driven with one pair of miter wheels to throw them on end and reduce friction, the flies proper resemble a large sized barn door, and the way they make the wind blow is awful. I will now describe the time train.

The main wheel is 28 inches diameter, while the barrel is 16 inches, with a capacity for 2 feet of line. Great wheel has 180 teeth; center 120; third 120, with pinions of 12, 16 and 9. This brings me down to the escapement, which is the far-famed one—the gravity. This one is called the three-legged, and is formed of two wheels with three teeth each on same arbor, with space between, and in this space comes the lifting pallets, which are driven by the weight, and as soon as the pendulum swings against the partly lifted pallet it is released, thus allowing the pallet or arm to propel the pendulum on its opposite passage, where the same action takes place and a corresponding impulse is given. This escapement takes away all imperfections of trains, as the weight or pallet arm alone gives impulse. This clock beats two seconds; length of pendulum, 13.064 feet from suspension to line of oscillation; weight of ball 685 lbs.; length of suspension spring, 5 inches, 3 inches wide, and one-sixtieth of an inch thick; glass used in dials, 2½ tons, and with iron cost £5,334. Going part takes 20 minutes to wind; depth of well for weights 174 feet; clock frame 4 feet 7 inches wide; dials 22½ feet diameter; weight of minute hand, 2 cwt., length, 14 feet; the pendulum rod is compensating, with an appliance for regulating. The cost of this clock, in addition to dials and hands, as above noted, was a little under £3,400, making the clock when finished cost the sum of £8,734.

The writer of this will never forget the beautiful sound of the bells which the clock gives out when striking. The large bell is heard ten miles off, and the small ones four to five. This clock is reported giving an error of only 90 seconds per annum; but the appliance for regulating it by making faster or slower, as our city observatory does, debars us from forming an idea what it might be if left alone for one year.—*Scientific American.*

The Head-Liner.

The professor of journalism, who periodically tells us all about newspapers, has failed to notice a comparatively modern and a very important feature of the newspaper, namely, the head-lines. This is a department of the paper which has stealthily conquered for itself an influence which every newspaper manager sometimes inadequately recognizes. It often happens that the ingenious artist in this department is really editing the paper. He can convey an impression which the writers of ponderous leaders are endeavoring to avoid. He can create a doubt or awaken suspicion by a single artfully chosen word or sow broadcast an opinion which it may take columns of writing to show is unfounded. Suggestions that are buried in the body of articles may attract no attention; but the flaming head-line takes the eye at once, and its diagnosis of the matter which it criticises may be very wide of the mark without the average reader applying any corrective. The head-line largely regulates the emphasis that is given to the report of current events. Small matters in this way may be magnified, and mere conjectures invested with nearly the dignity of established facts.

A Tragedy.

BY A DETECTIVE.

There is a low ruined cottage on St. Anthony street, New Orleans, where the moss grows over the roofing, and the rickety doors hang by broken hinges. Dust and age have hid the floor from sight, and the decaying walls are damp and mouldy. Only one room is inhabitable, and that shelters an old woman, gray and decrepit. Sitting on a low stool she murmurs a lullaby—an old-time song. Age has deprived her of reason, but the sorrow of a tragedy wrought is yet resh at her heart.

Thirty years ago she was beautiful. The olive cheeks were radiant and the glorious eyes flashed the triumph of a belle. Tall and slender, exquisitely formed, with a rich Andalusian type of beauty, it is no wonder that she reigned regally over many hearts. At that time no society in the world was more brilliant than ours. Wealth and hospitality went hand-in-hand, and the most refined and elegant in the land did homage to the beauty of New Orleans. To be star regnant of such society involved more than physical loveliness, and Blanco Castello had all the graces that intellect bestows.

None knew then she was married. A young clerk of the father's had gained her heart and hand. In this cottage her infant son was born—here, when she stole away from the bewilderments of fashion, she enjoyed the society of the man whose love she had ventured so much to win. Wedding him in secret, she had contrived to deceive her parents and friends.

There were few things the father would not have pardoned in his child, but not this. He was wont to boast that kingly blood was in his veins; that his ancestry had fought under the standard of Arragon. How could he accept a plebian son in-law? Months went by and the mask was persevered in. But a jealous rival discovered the deception at last. And one night the young husband fell dead from the shot fired by a concealed assassin. The bullet that pierced his heart destroyed the life of the child he held in his arms.

Who did it?

Mr. I——and myself had the working up of the case. The city was wild over the tradegy. The unhappy wife, mad with grief, had not hesitated to avow her marriage. It produced an excitement in society rarely, if ever, seen before.

But who was the murderer?

This was the question upon every tongue. It was for us to discover. Months went by in incessant search. Here and there a link in the chain of evidence was picked up until at last we were able to lay our hands upon the man. But, if the deed in itself was horrifying, the culprit, when known, occasioned a thrill of indignant sympathy for the unfortunate wife felt by all. Before arresting him, however, we deemed it advisable to consult the lady. For this purpose Mr. I: and myself visited her. She was still at the cottage, never having left it since the night of the murder. When shown into the room my heart turned sick as I contemplated the ravages a few short months had made. The form was bowed and bent—the beauty which had been the toast of brilliant society had fled. Before us stood a lady whom grief had all but wrecked.

"Madam, we have come to consult you in reference to the murder of your husband."

"You have found him, then?" she eagerly inquired.

"Yes."

"And he is——"

I could not help the sad look that came into my face. How could I inflict on a heart so worn and weary additional sorrow?

"You do not tell me," she said, with an intonation of voice so exquisitely sad that it went to my heart.

"I must tell you, madam, deeply as I grieve to do so, but you must prepare yourself for a great shock," I rejoined.

"What other calamity can befall me?"

"Perhaps a greater one than you have yet encountered. I fear you will esteem it such."

"Speak, who is it?"

"Your father."

"My father?—oh, no, not he! say it was not he!" and her arms stretched out to me so appealingly, the white lips and anguished eyes were so beseeching, that I felt that I would rather die than face such an ordeal again.

"My father?"

"Yes, madam; the chain of circumstantial evidence leaves no room for doubt. He did the deed."

It seemed as if this last sorrow had broken her heart. She stood up before me, every trace of color fled from face, with unutterable anguish in look and gesture.

"Leave him alone with God!" and fell fainting to the floor.

From that hour to this I have never seen her. She holds no intercourse with any one. All else save a faithful servant is banished from the house. From her I learn what I repeat to you. Her reason has no doubt fled, and she sits by the fireless hearth nursing her sorrow alone with her wretched memories.

How They Meet and Part.

A gentleman lately took down verbatim the conversation of two fashionable ladies during a morning call—viz: "How do you do, dear?" "Pretty well, thank you." (They kiss.) "How have you been this age?" "Pretty well. How have you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Pleasant to-day." "Yes, very bright, but had a shower yesterday." "All your family quite well?" "Quite well, thanks. How is yours?" "Oh, very well thank you." "Have you seen Mary B. lately?" "No, but I have seen Susan C." "You don't say so! Is she quite well?" "Yes, very well, I believe." (Rising.) "Must you go?" "Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make." "Do call again soon." "Thank you; but you don't come near me once in an age." "Oh, you shouldn't say so, dear; I'm sure I'm very good." "Good bye." "Good bye, dear."—*Exchange.*

"Gale Forest gives the following pat reply to the above:

"Yes! and after writing that the gentleman discovered the strain upon his mental faculties had been so severe, he went out to "brace up." Just as he reached his destination, met a friend from out of town, when the following conversation was over-heard and taken down by the writer, as an example for women, of men's "wit and wisdom." "Hellow! old fellow, how are you?" (They shake.) "First rate, how are you?" "Tip-top!" "When dy'e get in?" "Just now." "Have something?" (significantly.) "Well—yes, don't care if do." (They step into a saloon, after cautiously looking around, to make sure no outsiders are about, to see that they are breaking their pledge—pause—they emerge, innocently wiping their mouths, before putting into them their lighted cigars, and being primed, resumed:) "How's yer folks?" "All well; how's yours?" "All flourishing now; youngest boy had diphtheria, but all right now." "Crops good up your way?" "Well, yes, pretty fair." "How do politics look?" "Bad—very bad—all democrats up our way; big democratic majority. (Takes out his watch.) "Thunder! ten minutes to 12,—must be off—got to see a man at 12." "Can't you come up to the house and take dinner?" "No, guess not to-day—got several pressing business engagements Good bye." "Good bye." They again wring hands and then rush away from each other as if fearing they might have to stand another treat.

Read and Reflect.

It is with enterprises as with striking fire; we do not meet with success except by reiterated efforts, and often at the instant when we despaired of success.

Misfortunes come to a man through excessive love of self. He misjudges things just, good and beautiful, through thinking he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth.

It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper, if you give way to your own; to tell him to be truthful, while you are not strictly so; to inculcate neatness, while careless of your own dress. The little folks are keen observers, and they will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary restrictions—to forbid nothing without reason.

He who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most implicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and frequently conceals them.

While we are willing to admit that the habit of economy is a useful, practical and most desirable one, few would think of attributing to it anything of beauty or attractiveness. Yet the economy of money, or its best use—for they are synonymous—has in it this very element. Those who live fully up to or beyond their income, in the wearisome effort to build up or to keep up a certain style of appearances, really, though unconsciously, sacrifice the very attractiveness which they seek to produce. The difficult and painful effort which it costs they fully realize; but they imagine it to be hidden from all but themselves—and here lies their great mistake.

Dr. Brehm, manager of the Hamburg Zoological Gardens, notices that monkeys in the happy family department outlive the solitary prisoners.

A Saxon, under King Ethelbert, could pull the nose of an enemy, if he had three shillings to spare, but if he made the nose bleed it cost him five shillings.

THE SHADOWED CROSS.

In wedded love our lives had twined
One year—one careless, golden year—
And then he died, my darling died,
And, for the joy that harbored there,
My heart was filled with dark despair.

I traced the haunts he loved the best
In dear, lost days—alas so brief!
And mem'ry's breathings, once so sweet,
But fanned the furnace of my grief;
They brought no tears to my relief.

At early dawn I sought his grave,
'Mid quaint-carved stones o'ergrown with moss.
And lo! upon the hallowed mound—
In seeming emblem of my loss—
There fell the shadow of a cross.

And kneeling there in tearless woe,
Methought I heard my darling say:
"Oh love! thy grief a shadow is,
Which, as a dream shall pass away,
Where shadows melt in cloudless day!

Then found my anguish vent in tears,
Strange tears of heav'n-born peace, that shed
Around my soul a holy calm;
And when I rose thus comforted,
The shadow from the grave had fled!

Thy Will Be Done.

BY STELLA R. DEANE.

"I cannot, will not, will not, give her up!" These words floated out on the air [illegible] open window, one lovely summer day and seemed to rise upward as though their impotent rebellion would reach Heaven. They were spoken by Mrs. Thorne, in answer to the loving appeals of her mother, that she would try to give up her only child who now lay apparently dying.

Mrs. Eaton, a gentle christian woman, endeavored to have her daughter feel more resigned to what seemed inevitable; but the only answer was that with which my story opens. "I cannot, will not, give her up!" At this moment the physician and Mr. Thorne entered the room: They had been hastily summoned when the anxious watchers had noticed a change for the worse, and now approaching the child, the doctor took its tiny hand, and as he felt the fluttering pulse said to the nurse the one word "sinking." Low as the word was uttered, it reached the ears of Mrs. Thorne, who had seemed half crazed with grief before, and now rising she tottered a few steps falling unconscious into the arms of her husband, who sprang to catch her.

She was quickly carried to her chamber, restoratives applied, and when consciousness had been regained a sleeping draught was administered.

She had been asleep but a short time when she awoke to find her mother standing by the bedside, with the usual calm of her face broken with strong emotion. A strange calm seemed to come over Mrs. Thorne as she asked in languid tones, "Is Mabel dead?" But to her joyful astonishment her mother informed her that, "The crisis had passed, and her darling would doubtless recover."

The babe (who was scarcely a year old) regained its health rapidly, and soon Mrs. Thorne saw again the roses and dimples upon the cheeks, from which she had believed them gone forever.

The days rolled by with storm and sunshine bringing their load of joy and sorrow, of sickness and health, of ease and care; but to Mrs. Thorne they brought only happiness. Wealth flowed in upon her, neither sickness or trouble seemed to come near her. Two sturdy boys and a bright-eyed girl were added to the family group. But Mabel was yet the idol of her mother who endeavored to satisfy every wish of her darling, however unreasonable it might appear. The other children were never allowed to oppose her, but were compelled to submit to her imperious will. Mr. Thorne frequently remonstrated with his wife upon her indulgence of Mabel, but her mother could see no fault in her beautiful child, and she thus grew toward womanhood, haughty and wilful, acknowledging no authority that opposed her wishes. A governess taught her and, as she was fond of books and music, she learned rapidly, gratifying her mother's fondness and pride by becoming an accomplished musician, which combined with her beauty and wealth, caused a sensation in society when she made her debut; and Mabel seemed to rule as regally in the world of fashion as she did in her family circle.

But now trouble and anxiety seemed to enter the mother's heart, and clouds, which had appeared no larger than a man's hand, threatened to obscure the horizon.

Mabel's extravagance began to alarm Mrs. Thorne, who sought, by depriving herself of the greater part of her allowance, to conceal it from her husband, but that soon became impossible, for Mabel, seeming reckless of consequences, would not hesitate to use her father's name to obtain credit, when she had exhausted both her own and her mother's liberal allowance. Then came a stormy scene when Mr. Thorne after having vainly expostulated with his daughter, grew angry and threatened her with exposure.

Following closely upon this was his objection to a gentleman who frequently visited the house and who was encouraged therein by Mabel, who appeared greatly interested. He was from a distant city and had brought letters of introduction, which gained him access to the circle in which the Thornes moved.

Handsome, winning, educated and apparently wealthy, he soon became popular, yet Mr. Thorne distrusted him, warned Mabel against him, and when she, intolerant of restraint, refused to listen to the warning of her father, he forbade her to invite him to the house or to be seen with him upon the street until he had made inquiries concerning him. Mabel now became irritable and moody, while the mother, whose heart yearned over her favorite child, strove to comfort her, but at the first word, Mabel, bursting into a passion of tears, left the room.

While she was sadly pondering over the possible cause of her daughter's tears Mr. Thorne entered the room. His face was pale and his lips firmly closed, while his features seemed almost convulsed with excitement.

"Where is Mabel?" he asked and she answered that "she had but just left the room," sending a servant to summon her.

Mr. Thorne paced the floor in uncontrollable excitement and as she entered the room exclaimed: "How dare you disobey me by again going out in company with that scoundrel?" Mabel insolently replied, "because it pleased me." Furious with passion her father caught her by the arm and said, "You have deceived and disgraced me by your conduct, I have learned to-day that he is a gambler and a forger."

"I am his wife!" she proudly replied.

"You are no child of mine, leave my house!" said Mr. Thorne.

Blind with pride and passion Mabel turned and left the house.

For some time Mrs. Thorne seemed rooted to the spot with horror; she tried to call her name, but her voice had deserted her. Finally she arose to her feet and rushed from the house determined to find and bring back her child.

But it was growing dark and sufficient time had elapsed to enable Mabel to pass out of sight. Still the mother pressed on, eager to find her loved one: she will not return without her, so all the dreary night she continued her search.

In the dusk which precedes the dawn she finds herself near the river, and is attracted by the movements of some men near her, who are trying to raise something from the water. Impelled by some feeling, she drew near as they laid upon the wharf the form of a young girl, whom she saw at a glance was Mabel.

Wild with anguish she screamed—awoke, to find her mother standing by her side. Quietly she arose, bathed her face and went to look at the babe now safe from sorrow, temptation and sin.

And in after years when her thoughts reverted to her dream she would look upon her noble sons and lovely daughters and softly murmur, "Thy Will be Done."

A Few Words About Advertising Schemes.

Business men are bored to death with every conceivable scheme for advertising. The number of snide schemes by which they are plucked of money for which they see no return is astonishing. Young, middle aged and elderly men are every day after business men to get their cards for a hotel register that even commercial travelers do not read, or to give their card, costing only $5 or $10 for some gorgeous frame to be hung in the postoffice or placed in a hotel, or for a programme that nobody reads, or a "new paper, to be sent to everybody free, like a poster, and only worth as much, or to the genius who gets up a card with a bit of sandpaper on it to be posted in saloons or on cigar counters, or catch penny cards with a dozen firms represented. The demand upon business men is constant to patronize these schemes, and hundreds of dollars are paid annually without the reasonable hope being indulged in by the men who pay the bills that these cards and signs ever do their business any real good.

The advertisers of the United States, men and firms who have expended tens of thousands of dollars in experimenting as to the best and cheapest method of reaching the eye and ear of the public, have always settled down to the conclusion that this method is through regular newspapers. Advertising pays, but giving away to every applicant who has a cheap catch-penny scheme does not pay. A newspaper goes to a regular reading constituency, and every paper averages about eight readers to each subscriber, and, the highest rates any publisher will ask will be cheaper to the advertiser than the snide schemes alluded to above. Papers that are given away have no more character or value than a hand bill. The place to make known business advantages is through the columns of a generally circulated and regularly published newspaper.

The new London journal for women is called "The Fan." The shrewd publisher thinks every lady will open one.

War Scenes.

Exciting Adventure of a Correspondent with the German Army.

I arrived at a farmhouse in a wood where a general of brigade and his staff had established themselves, whom I happened to know. While chatting with them on the chances of a skirmish before nightfall, and on the proximity of the enemy, a young officer came in saying that from a point he had just left he could look right down into a part of the French position. This point he described to me as occupied by half a dozen men who had crept as far to the front as possible and were now hiding behind an old ruined wall and watching the enemy unobserved. As he was going back there, I offered to accompany him, and we crept through the brushwood, and then made a quick run across a piece of open woods to a most picturesque fragment of ruin, which dominated the valley some 300 or 400 feet below, in which is situated the village of Freteval, then occupied, as well as the heights behind, by the French army. Peeping through the chinks of the ruin, I could see a French regiment marching along a road beneath us, within very comfortable rifle shot, apparently unaware of our proximity. I remained here jotting down notes for nearly an hour, and then, hearing some firing at a distance, determined to return to the carriage in order to go and see what it was. This I could either do by keeping in the woods all the time, which involved a long run, or by crossing an open plowed field, which was a saving of half the distance. As everything seemed quiet where I was I determined on this latter course, and was laboring through the soft land, ankle deep in mud, when bang came a round shot, apparently aimed at me, and buried itself about twenty yards in the rear. To say that I took to my heels is a figure of speech; I had no heels. I had two mountains of mud clinging to my feet, which rendered running almost impossible. However, I did my best; and in the agony of my effort I sprawled headlong on my face at the very moment when another shot, better aimed, covered me with dirt. For at least ten minutes more was my solitary figure a target for the miserable French battery. I ceased to wonder that the French lost battles when they could waste valuable ammunition in this ridiculous way. I heard shouts of laughter proceed from a German regiment hidden in the wood for which I was making, as they saw my frantic efforts to increase my speed as each whistling, shrieking ball warned me not to dally. Once they actually expended a shell upon me, but it cracked in the air a hundred feet above me. At last, panting with fatigue, I scrambled into the wood, and I must say that I was most sympathetically and kindly received by the Germans as a return for the amusement I had afforded them.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Agricultural.

JUTE (CORCHORUS OLITORIUS).

The Coming Rival of Cotton as a Staple Crop—Its Habits, History and Capabilities—How it has been and may be Grown in the South.

The jute is a native of India, where it has been cultivated for ages on account of its fibre, which is the cheapest known to commerce.

The "jute butts" of commerce are from the bark of that portion of the plant growing next to the ground, and are cut about eighteen inches long. From this coarser product is woven the bagging with which is enveloped not only the cotton bales made in the South, but most of the agricultural products of the world.

The fibre of the upper portion of the stem is finer, becoming near the top soft and lustrous like silk, and remarkably strong.

The fibre bleaches readily and takes color well.

In manufacturing, it is substituted for or mixed with hair, wool, silk, cotton and linen. It is to this mixture of the jute fibre that is due the great reduction of prices in dress goods within the last few years.

It is stated in a recent number of the "New York Cotton" that ten years since the United States paid for goods, composed in whole or part of jute, over $100,000,000.

The Cultivation

in India consists of a thorough preparation of the land as for wheat. The seed, which are about the size of turnip seed, are sown broadcast and harrowed or brushed in, and there is no more work necessary until the plant is ready to be cut. The proper time for cutting is indicated by the bloom, which will appear in two and a half months. The fibre is at that time best, and becomes harsh if the plant is allowed to stand until the seed ripen.

It is stated in the United States Agricultural Reports that the yield of jute fibre per acre in India is eight times that of cotton on the same quality of land, and that the average height of the plant on good land is six or seven feet, and that as early as 1874 India exported more than 100,000,000 pounds of jute fibre.

The Preparation

of the fibre in India is very simple. The stalks are bound in bundles and thrown in bayous, where they are allowed to remain a week, when the fibre is shaken from the stem, washed and dried in the sun, and is ready for use or market.

Jute Planting in the South.

Reports of practical farmers establish the fact beyond doubt that the soil and climate of the South are eminently suited to the cultivation of the plant. Indeed, the reports from all the cotton States indicate that it flourishes in any soil which will grow cotton.

The long tap root of the jute renders it a valuable rotation crop with sugar-cane or any of the cereals. It is not an exhaustive crop, and it is believed that it will improve stiff lands by bringing up plant food from the subsoil with its penetrating roots, which remain in the ground after cutting, decay rapidly, and fertilize the succeeding crop.

Unlike other crops, it is not molested by the numerous worms and insects which destroy the young plants as soon as they sprout. Indeed, there is no animal which will eat the jute, and it is less subject to disease and unfavorable weather than any crop grown in the South.

It is also claimed by those who have planted it in the vicinity of cotton that its rank odor drove away insects destructive to the crop.

There are other reasons which make jute a valuable adjunct to the culture of southern products.

Planted on the 1st of April in this climate it will be ready to cut from the middle of June to the 1st of July. Another crop can be sown upon the same land, which will be ready for harvest by the 1st of October.

It will be seen that the first crop will be taken off at the season when cotton and sugar are laid by, and there is no urgent work upon the plantation.

The Yield

of jute upon our alluvial lands is estimated at from 2,000 to 4,000 pounds of fibre per acre. The price of "jute butts" is from four to six cents. The finer fibre, from the upper portion of the stalk, sells much higher. After thorough preparation, the work of cultivation is nothing, as the seed come up in forty-eight hours and the plants grow so rapidly as to overshadow and smother grass and weeds.

Preparation of Fibre.

Mr. B. Laplace, an enterprising sugar planter of Louisiana, recommends that the fibre be prepared by crushing the stems between the rollers of the sugar-mill—this separates the bark—and steeping in the water-tank, pond or bayou, a week, until fermentation takes place, washing and drying the fibre. It is then ready for market.

Mr. T. Haraang perpares the fibre much quicker by steaming the bark in a close vessel or by boiling it. After washing and drying it is marketable. No part of the plant need be lost; the stems may be worked into baskets as willow, or made into paper pulp. The tow and waste makes the best of so-called "linen" writing paper.

There is no limit to the demand for jute fibre. There are factories in the North, West and Georgia, and a company has also been formed in the city of New Orleans to manufacture it.

The South uses annually 80,000,000 pounds of jute to cover her 5,000,000 bales of cotton. She uses 20,000,000 more for sacks for rice, cotton seed, oil cake and meal. The West uses more jute than the South in sacks for the millions of bushels of grain which she grows.

The carpet factories of the North use immense quantities for warp, and the manufacturers of dress goods will buy at high prices all of the finer fibre we can produce for years to come.

Among the many reasons why jute should be cultivated in the South may be mentioned the relief which it would give to the evils which attend a solid cotton crop. It will be seen by a review of the cotton statistics of the past years that the aggregate price received for a small crop of cotton was as great as that received for a large crop, the price per pound rising or falling according to the supply. Conceding that the market in future will be governed by the law of supply and demand, it seems evident that cotton would indeed be "king" if supplemented with jute culture.

If one fifth of the land now devoted to cotton were withdrawn and sown down in jute, it is probable that the price of cotton would rise with the increased demand, and the crop of jute would not only support the home demand, but afford a large surplus for export.

A two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry.

A gentleman whose vocabulary was mixed, wished to praise a certain lady reader of this city. "Yes," said he "besides being a very fine elocutionist she has a great deal of ejaculation."

The Mormon Temple.

The construction of the grand temple of worship now being erected by the Mormon church at Manti, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit, and the walls of the building are beginning to loom up and are covered with scaffolding and derricks. The temple is being constructed of white limestone. The building is situated on top of a mountain, a spur of the Wasatch range, that extends out into the town of Manti, and is called by the people of Utah the mountain of the Lord. The foundation of the temple is sixty-three feet above the level of the road, and is set in solid rock; the top of the mountain having been excavated and removed, making it level, is ninety-five feet in width and 172 in length. From the ground to the square will be eighty-two feet in height. There will be two towers erected, one at the east and the other at the west corner of the building. The tower at the east corner will be 179 feet in height, while that at the west corner will be ten feet lower, or 169 feet in height. They are thirty feet square at the base. There are four terrace walls around the mountain in front of the temple, which will average about seventeen feet in height and are about 900 feet in length, and in all contain about 2 400 cords of rock, as at present built, and 55,000 yards of *debris* has been excavated and hauled away. The stairway from the road to the upper terrace is sixty-three feet, and will contain 132 stone steps, sixteen feet in width. The back of the terrace will be filled with rich soil, to the top of the stone work, and trees and shrubbery planted, and the tops of the terraces are to be ornamented by neatly dressed and cut stone, and statues will be placed at various and appropriate places. The water to supply the temple will be brought in wooden pipes from a spring situated about one and a-quarter miles east of the temple, back in the mountains, and has a fall of seventy-nine feet to the reservoir, and one hundred feet from the reservoir to the lower terrace. The whole side of the mountain is to be planted with trees and flowers, and the crystal stream poured forth by the little spring, as it winds its way down the side of the mountain, will travel from root to root, quenching their thirst, thus assisting the trees to produce their foliage in spring, the flowers to bloom and the grass to grow. The building of the temple was first commenced five years ago, and has been worked on ever since, and it is expected that it will be in such condition in about three years that it can be used, but it is estimated that it will take fully five years to complete the building. The building will be fifty feet in height, and the excavation at the east end for the basement is about forty-six feet in depth. It was President Young's intention when he ordered the erection of this temple that it should be the grandest and most imposing structure erected on the American continent, and all indications point to such being the case.

Manti is situated about 125 miles, a little east of south of Salt Lake City, and is quite a large town, being the third oldest settlement in Utah territory. It is located at the foot of the east side of the Wasatch mountains, in one of the most fertile valleys in the territory, which is dotted the entire length with well stocked farms and large orchards. The Sanpitch river, a tributary to the Sevier river, flows through the town, supplying the people with water for all necessary purposes, including irrigation. The Manti and surrounding valleys is the granary of the mountain country. Its fruitful farms not only produce a sufficient quantity of grain to supply the greater portion of Utah with grain and flour, but it supplies the greater portion of South-eastern Nevada with flour and a goodly portion of grain.

How Shoe Pegs are Made.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the picturesque little town of Arlington, Vt., which at the time boasted a population of 2,500, three churches, five stores, two hotels, an extensive car works, sash and blind and chair factory, also a peg factory, which, by the courtesy of the foreman, Mr. L. E. White, (who had been employed there twenty-nine years) he was shown through, and received valuable information. The timber used is black and yellow birch, which is cut into pieces four feet in length, varying in diameter from eight to fourteen inches. These logs are piled in a building in winter and then extracted by steam. They are run in on a tram railway to the circular saw department, and cut into slats or blanks of the thickness of the length of the pegs, then sorted and the knots removed, then passed through machines which are set with double knives, and cut the blanks into pegs. As they pass the last machine they are sorted, and all knots and discolored ones removed as they are brushed off into large baskets. The machines are under the care of young women, who appear much more happy and useful than do many of those who, thumping at the piano, would consider such employment menial. The next process is bleaching, which is accomplished by the fumes of brimstone, which is unhealthy—(those who labor here shorten their lives). They are then placed in large cylinders, which hold eleven barrels, and have six hundred steam pipes running through them, and revolve one and one-half times to the minute, drying two charges per day in each cylinder. They are then passed into large wooden casks, or cylinders, which, revolving rapidly, polish them by the friction, the refuse falling through wire sieves or screen openings, after which they are again passed into a sifter, which separates all the single pegs and drops them into tubs or boxes, leaving those which have not been separated in the machine. They are then put in barrels ready for market. The factory running on full time turns out one hundred and fifty bushels, or fifty barrels per day. The sizes go from eight up to sixteen to an inch. The lengths go by eights, two and one-half to twelve. Twenty-six hands are employed, half of them being women. The products of this mill are mostly shipped to Germany and France, and enter largely into the manufacture of toys and fancy goods as well as into the shoe manufactory. Thus the "genii of mechanism" converts, as by magic, the trees from the Vermont mountains into articles of use, which floating off through the channels of commerce to far away countries, anon return to sparkle the eyes of happy children in toys, in which these toys have become important factors.

Nice in Winter.

Nice is full of English people, Americans, Germans, and Russians (writes a correspondent from that city). I am a warm admirer of England, claim it as the home of my ancestors, and am proud of its literature and history, but I cannot help being often amused at the evidently conscious superiority of the English people. I am sure they would not acknowledge even to their own hearts, that they believe themselves really a little better than any one else in the world, yet I feel confident they think every one does or should wish himself an Englishman. They are not much troubled with diffidence. One night at the table d'hote at the Hotel de France, a young Englishman, sat next to me and beyond him a friend.

They seemed to have met at N[illegible] chance, though they were evid[illegible] old acquaintances, and each travelling by carriage throu[illegible] south of Europe. They [illegible] quite a loud tone, as if w[illegible] to say must be of interest to all [illegible] them, and if not, why, that was of [illegible] consequence! After a while [illegible] neighbor asked his friend how he [illegible] along with the language, and the [illegible] ply was, "O, there is almost alway[illegible] some one about who speaks Engli[illegible] so I get on all right." "Well," [illegible] my neighbor, "I always speak Fren[illegible] down here and I make the wai[illegible] talk French to me;" then turnin[illegible] the waiter, and in a loud [illegible] "*Garcon, pang!*" And the [illegible] though a German, understood [illegible] Englishman wanted some br[illegible]

I have recently returned [illegible] visit to the ruins of the [illegible] amphitheatre at Cimiez, [illegible] within the crumbling [illegible] traces the tiers upon [illegible] the arena, sees the entrance [illegible] the wande[illegible] easy to let one's thoughts [illegible] enacted there [illegible] to the scenes on the [illegible] walls Ha[illegible] is easy to imagine [illegible] for the cr[illegible] with joyous crowds [illegible] sport, but it is hard [illegible] and women will [illegible] have not only [illegible] scenes, but even [illegible] them. [illegible] very real, [illegible] ever since [illegible] picture [illegible] lan gl[illegible] arena [illegible] and [illegible] heart [illegible] was the [illegible] beats. A ro[illegible] that bloodth[illegible] softens a[illegible] a grat[illegible] that [illegible] he[illegible]

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882.

AGENTS.

Cochran, Ga. . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washing on
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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Advertisements see rates.

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A. H. Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

LOCAL.

Articles for the LOCAL COLUMNS must reach this office by Thursday morning. All other communications not later than Wednesday morning.

Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

LEWIS THOMPSON, - Local Reporter.

—CROWDED OUT.—Notice of the Exodus Concert, Presentation at Asbury and Resolutions of Condolence.—*Item* benefit.

—The children's choir at St. Luke's P. E. Church is steadily improving.

—A good sermon and good music will be given at the 19th Street Baptist Church to-morrow.

—Mr. J. T. Layton sang "Nancy Lee" with great success at the Literary Wednesday night.

—There will be a Fair at Lincoln Mission Tuesday evening, the 25th inst., which will last only one night. There will be many useful articles for sale.

—Any one desiring good table board can be accommodated at No. 1003 M street, N. W.; also one furnished room, with or without board.

—The first quarterly review for 1882 of the Bethlehem Baptist Sunday School of Hillsdale, D. C., will be held Sunday, March 26th, at 3 P. M. Several interesting addresses are expected.

—Israel C. M. E Church will give a concert and literary entertainment April 3d, for the benefit of the church, when a very entertaining programme will be carried out.

—The lecture of Frederick Douglass on John Brown at Bethel Hall Tuesday night was very well attended and heartily appreciated. No living man can speak more knowingly of John Brown and his career than Mr. Douglass.

—The dedication of Wayland Hall came off Wednesday evening with quite a success. The Hall is well adapted to entertainments and bids fair to grow very [illegible]. It is located on I street, between 19th and 20th streets, N. W., next to the [illegible] Baptist Church.

[illegible] time in Ebenezer A. M. E. [illegible] Georgetown, D. C. Stewards' [illegible] preaching at 11 A. M., Bishop T. [illegible]; 3 P. M., Rev. Geo. W. [illegible] M., Rev. C. W. Fitzhugh, of Baltimore. Come and hear.

—A great literary treat is reserved for those who hear Miss Caroline R. LeCount in her reading at the 15th Street Presbyterian [illegible] proximo. Miss [illegible] has prepared [illegible] will have a [illegible] dollars see [illegible]

[illegible] in The [illegible] day, in which he [illegible] in The [illegible] portion of [illegible] Republican. Only [illegible] shows that the salt [illegible] the int[illegible] P. E. Church [illegible] sugared [illegible] possible that [illegible] with this [illegible] meeting at [illegible] R streets, N. [illegible] Blair, a Boy [illegible] inst. Gen. [illegible], is [illegible] missionary work [illegible] plans, [illegible] Smyth, [illegible] speak on the [illegible] Africans. [illegible] quite [illegible] in a steam [illegible] continuance.

[illegible] trip to the Colorado beetle. [illegible] stronghold in Belgium, [illegible] frontier.

[illegible] Jericho, which frequents [illegible] Egypt, Syria and Arabia [illegible] curls itself up into a [illegible] thus blown about till it [illegible] place, where it uncurls, [illegible] and the seed is sown.

[illegible] largest room in the world, [illegible] roof and unbroken by pillars [illegible] Petersburg. By day it is [illegible] displays; by night [illegible] Twenty thousand [illegible] required to light [illegible]

[illegible] with the [illegible] exercises [illegible] playing a very [illegible] by Dr. Reyburn, [illegible] commendable [illegible] loon [illegible]

Their friends should aid them in every way possible, because if a disturbance or riot of any kind should occur in our town every one would expect to see them aid in putting it down; so it is no more than right that, when they give their fair, all of their friends should go in full force to make it a success and the soldier boys happy.

—A grand mask sociable will be given at King's Hall corner 10th and R streets, for the of 19th Street Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, March 29, by the Industrial Club. We take great pleasure in inviting our friends and the public. The National Band will furnish music on the occasion.

—St. Paul A. M. E. Chapel. At 11 o'clock, preaching by Rev. G. W. Brodie, of Baltimore; at 7.30 a special sermon will be preached by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Shreeves, by request. Subject, "The Unpardonable Sin."

Bethel Literary.

The audience at Bethel Hall Wednesday night was as large as if it had been regularly on Wednesday night. After the preliminary exercises Miss Belle Nickens read an entertaining essay on "Dress as a Fine Art." Then Dr. Augusta was introduced as the lecturer on "Man." He concluded his talk by showing the three kinds of crania on which modern ethnology bases its classification of the races. At the conclusion of the Doctor's remarks he was applauded and tendered a vote of thanks.

Then the debate on "The Tenth Census" was re-opened by Mr. J. W. Cromwell and continued by A. St. A. Smith. Mr. Queen arose and was "set down upon" as usual. Mr. C. D. Johnson rose to defend him, but without success. Mr. W. C. Chase gave notice of a resolution he would offer at a meeting of the members soon to be held.

Next Tuesday evening Prof. Storum will speak on "Co-operation—will it pay?"

Emancipation Convention.

The convention was held on Tuesday evening at the Galilean Fishermen Hall with Capt. O. S. B. Wall in the chair. The different districts were represented by their delegates. A heated discussion arose relative to the duties of the several committees. Mr. J. W. Freeman, of the 15th district remarked that such discussions would impede the progress of the convention and consequently the celebration would be a failure, unless more unanimity prevailed. Mr. Chase arose to a point of order that all discussion was out of order, as there was nothing before the house. A motion to hear from the different committees was tabled. Mr. Talliferro offered a motion to hear reports from all the delegates that did not have the opportunity of reporting at the last meeting. Several societies were represented by delegates and expressed their intention of taking part in the celebration. On motion of Mr. W. C. Chase, Mr. Brown, (white) a prominent lawyer of the District, made an enthusiastic speech, in which he referred to Sumner, Lincoln, Stevens and John Brown, and that in celebrating the emancipation day the colored people were justly doing honor to the names of those famous emancipators, and that they must not think of such a thing as failure: because if their efforts would continue such as heretofore, the celebration would be a grand success. During his speech he was frequently applauded, as his remarks seemed to touch the spirit of the meeting. Mr. Geo. Holmes was also invited to speak. He alluded to the fact that if there were suffrage in the District while such a convention was existing, the meetings would be crowded with prominent politicians who would have an eye open to futurity in which they would figure; but alas, there is no franchise and these gentlemen are conspicuous by their absence. Mr. McFarland offered a motion that all committees and delegates report to the Chief Marshall (Colonel Perry Carson) and that the meeting adjourn *sine die*, to which Mr. W. C. Chase offered a substitute that when the meeting adjourn it would be to meet the first Monday in April. The substitute was adopted.

Mr. Freeman spoke of the great injustice that had been done them by the newspapers in burlesquing their meetings.

Col. Carson stated that he had visited Baltimore in the interest of the celebration and had extended invitations to all the colored organizations in Virginia, Maryland and the District of Columbia, several of which have already signified their intention of participation. The Colonel is laboring very hard to make the celebration a success and seems to be the right man in the right place.

A Girls Choice.

It was in a drug store, of course. All interesting incidents occur in drug stores, —that is nearly all. She was pretty, with blue eyes and golden hair, one of that kind of beauties the poet would have [illegible] an "angel," but for the fact that a few [illegible] of pimples on her fair frontispiece [illegible] precluded all thought of a celestial being. [illegible] timidly to the handsome clerk [illegible] minded for "Swayne's Ointment for [illegible] posed the [illegible]" and upon receiving it vanished, "I will give your order," morning dew before the faint," she said, [illegible] back in her chair, "that [illegible] I can eat anything; but, [illegible] has consumpme a pot of Boston beans everywhere hash, some pickled cucumbers humanity; brown bread, I'll try," The [illegible] all tions of the highest culture and [illegible] vest estheticism are laid in good digesting tion.

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J. W. Cromwell.

OUR SOCIETIES.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "SOCIETY COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of different fraternities.—Ed.

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